Dear Js,

4/26/74

Nature works her wondrous ways. I interprets them as her healing ways.

Three days running I have slept until 6 a.m. or a few minutes later. Unusual as this is for me, it is more unusual that each of these three nights I awakened not once.

Last night, sitting and waiting for Lil to prepare supper, I fell asleep sitting up to the "news" and then, when the ABC special on government spooking went on, I slept through all of it.

I will not make any effort to interfere with the process. In fact, I may have induced it by more than years of personal abuse. I have continued working when it tired me. If I did not I would do no work because I have stayed tired. Before and after Lesar came yesterday, a beautiful day, I worked outside. Only pacing myself.

Each morning this week I have taken a walk, each day gradually increasing the pace and the distances. Whitling willow staffs so that as I gradually build myself up to where I was before the gun law came in I'll be able to contend with the bad dogs farthur from here in the one direction I can go, uphill going out so that the return is all downhill.

To appear to story-book this, at 61 I am preparing to start all over again.

In it I need the advice and counsel of those who are not close enough to provide it as I need it. Whitewash a decade later!

Yesterday I received in writing the proposal of the man who said he would undertake to publish the kind of short and really hot WG book I had proposed. If I carboned you of a letter to "Dick" a week ago, it is he. The more I think of the proposal, the more I am inclined not to accept it. It provides a means of open-ended suppression and no means of adequate compensation for it without provision for distribution being spelled out. However, it tells me something.

I have consulted my friend at Bantam and from him also have confirmation of the belief I began to reach while on my recent trip, that the acceptability of a book that explains practically nothing, merely states facts that have been suppressed, is more than a possibility now.

If I were near a campus like Berkeley I'd be without doubt because much of the help I'll need would be available. Now it is tougher than it was with Whitewash. If I can hope for anything from the local girls the most is typing and spotty research assistance. I have not asked. The three women who have offered to help me this supper are older. One is frail, two have families, and one a husband with a defense-connected job. And Lil is not free, as she was with Whitewash. She will keep us going with two days of work at minimum-wage guarantee plus a few small jobs of her own.

Despite this and other serious problems, I think again of an underground book, with the Whitewash line, "The Book That Couldn't Be Printed" changed to "The News That Wasn't Printed." Or something like that.

The extra problems this time include the denial of most of the wholsealing channels of the past-all but one of the major wholesalers having gypped me and owing me much money ; and my feeling that I don't dare go into debt again to print. Printing, I imagine, will cost twice as much.

But I'm thinking of it seriously, and my purpose in writing this with one ear on the a.m. TV news is to solicit any views you have. I will probably have to find some moneyed person willing to run a risk. I discussed this briefly with Lesar yesterday. We had little time. He seems to favor the idea and may have people in mind. He did not say and I did not ask it of him. I have a notion he may speak to Bud or one of those who wasted money on his foolishness.

One of the opinions I need is on possibility, not probability. I have lost track of the talk shows, for example, except that I know that out there the more progressive-minded, like Eason, seem to be under some kind of wraps. Maybe self-imposed. And there are many fewer, with those who made Whitewash all or almost all gone.

The assault on the press will be such that unless it reacts in criticism it will make no mention at all. Even if some political figures sound off.

I can't use the printer of the past because I still owe him money. And I don't dare approach the source of archival funding, who would probably go for it.

However, I have decided that it must be attempted, so I will start as soon as I can, probably with an opening chapter that may help me outline the rest and make it easier to eliminate the unessantial.

I'll also have to invent a new kind of footnote shorthand, so the footnotes, a la Whitewash, can appear in the text.

I have decided to use facsimiles for quotes wherever possible. In enough cases it should be, except for mechanical problems, like pale copies of the documents I have. This should do much for credibility in the most totally shocking thing I have ever had in mind. For there has been an unorganized conspiracy to suppress, and this will tell that story.

Maybe I'll resume this later. Breakfast entices and there ia a medical appointment before 9. And suggestions of any kind I really do need because except for Lesar, who is so busy and so tired he can't slpee and will be away until the middle of next month, there really is nobody with whom I can take counsel.

Best,